

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE

AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal---Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. 3.

{ GEORGE WING, Bangor, Me.,
HENRY W. SYLVE, Hartford, Ct. } Editors.

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NO. 3.

The Gallaudet Guide, AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

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Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in particular, but designed to contribute to the information of all.

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Editors.—Messrs. GEORGE WING, Bangor, Me., and H. W. SYLVE, Hartford, Ct., to the former of whom all original communications intended for insertion in the journal should be sent. *Miscellaneous and Agricultural* items should be sent to the latter.

Advertisements will be inserted for 50 cents per square of 16 lines. They should be sent to Mr. SYLVE as early as possible in the month.

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ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

BY FLORENCE FERRY.

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to night!
Mother, come back from that echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore,
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, slow backward, O swift tide of years!
I am so tired of toils and of tears;
Till without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of finding my soul wealt h away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, and untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between.
Yet with strong yearning, and passionate pain,
Long I to night for your presence again:
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

Into my heart's depths, in days that have flown,
No love like thine, Mother, ever has shone;
No other's loving abides and endures
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;
None like a Mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain:
Slumbers soft, calm, o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old,
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows, once more
Happily will through the bright visions of yore:
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear Mother, the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song,
Since then and in my soul it shall seem,
Womanhood's years have been but a dream,
Clasped in your arms in a living embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

EYE AND EAR.

Of all the woes mankind inherits,
I think it most compassing merits,
To be both blind and deaf;
Yet men, so strange their natures are,
Will all this weight of suffering bear,
And seek for no relief.

When sunset paints the western sky,
I show to idlers, sauntering by,
What wonders there I find;
And when they can but ill afford
A hasty glance or careless word,
I know that they are blind.

The splendors of the Summer day,
The graceful forms, and tints so gay,
Of every flower and tree,
I mark with ever new delight,
And marvel that so fair a sight
So few have eyes to see.

At dawn, what loyal strains of praise
The feathered congregation raise,
To Him who made them all,
Yet how these senseless souls abound,
On whom, a dull, unheeded sound,
These tenuous tributes fall.

The solemn singing of the breeze
Through arches of umbrageous trees,
When Autumn days draw near,
The breaking waves, the plashing fall,
The Maker's voice in each and all,
How few have ears to hear?
Ye blind and deaf, your ills allied,
Of fully, carelessness and pride,
T'ne fruit will ever be;
But mortify your self-conceit,
And come and sit at Nature's feet,
And you shall hear and see.

MONOSYLLABICS.

The late Professor Addison Alexander, D. D. is the author of this remarkable composition, which first appeared in the *Princeton Magazine*.

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
When want, or woe, or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek

Pre and from the sore heart, or a strange wild note,
Sung by some fay or fiend. There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far, or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth
Than length—

Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase,
Which glows and burns not though it gleam and shine
Light, but no heat—a flash but not a blaze!

Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts.
It serves of more than fight or storm to tell,
The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts,
The crash of tall trees when the wild wind swells,
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far off on their sick beds lie:

For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead;
For them that laugh, and dance, and clap the hand;
To joy's quick step as well as grief's slow tread,
The sweet, plain words we learnt at first keep time,
And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
In thought, or speech, or song, in prose or rhyme.

TERRIBLE ADVENTURE ON A VOLCANO.

Mr. Carl Steigman visited Mount Hecla, in Iceland, just before its terrible eruption of 1845, and the following is his narrative of a fearful adventure which happened to him upon that sublime and desolate elevation:

Having secured a guide, I set out at an early hour, on the morning following my arrival in Salsun (at the foot of the extinct volcano), praying for fair weather, good luck, and a safe return. The scenery, even from the first, was so different from any I had ever seen outside of Iceland as to be worthy of a better description than I am able to give. Suffice it to say that, as you push on, ascending summit after summit on your way to the great and awful center of all, you find the danger, dreariness and desolation increase to the most terrible sublimity, till at last when you do finally stand on the highest point in this unliving world of chaos, you instinctively pray God, with an icy shudder shivering through your miserable frame, to restore you to the life you seem to have left forever behind you.

O how shall I attempt to convey to any mind the awful scene of desolation that surrounded me, when at last I stood more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the highest peak of barren Hecla! Six mortal hours—three on horseback and three on foot—had I been clambering upwards from the world below; and now, among the very clouds that rolled and swept around me I stood in a world of lava mountains; ice and snow—the lava black as midnight, the snow of blinding whiteness—and not in all that region a tree, a bush, a shrub, a blade, or even a solitary living thing, excepting myself and guide. Far as the eye could reach, when the moving clouds permitted me to see, was a succession of black, rugged hills, snow-crowned peaks, glistening glaciers, and ice-bound streams, into whose inanimate solitude no human foot had ever penetrated—a world without plant or life—the very abomination of desolation—filled with yawning chasms, dreadful abysses and midnight caves which have never echoed any sound but the thunders of heaven, and the groanings and convulsions of earth. So wild and terrible was the scene that I felt a strange thrill, like madness, rush through my shivering frame, and quiver about my dizzy brain, and I shouted to break the stillness of death, and heard my voice come dimly back in a hundred echoes, till it

seemed to be lost in the bowels of the unproductive earth.

Wrapping one of the blankets about me, to protect me from the freezing cold, and cautiously using my pointed stick to try every foot of ground before me, I now began to move about, over blocks and heaps, and hills of lava, and across narrow chasms, and pit-falls and patches of snow and ice, my faithful guide keeping near, and often warning me to be careful of my steps. In this manner I at length ascended a ridge of considerable elevation, stumbling my way to the top, and then displacing fragments of lava that rolled crashing down behind me. As yet I had seen no signs of the mouth of the crater, which, eighty years before had vomited forth its terrific and desolating streams of melted black sand; but on reaching the summit of this ridge, I looked down into a sort of basin, open at the lower side, and having some three or four deep seams or chasms in its center, into which the melting snow and ice on its sides were running in small streams. A peculiar and not very agreeable odor came up with a thin, smoky vapor, and I fancied I could hear a distant sound, something between a gurgle and a rumble.

"I suppose this is the original crater," I said, turning to the guide.

The fellow was as pale as death, and every feature expressed surprise allied to fear.

"What is the matter?" I quickly demanded, "have you never seen this spot before?"

"I have seen this place before, master," he replied, "but never anything like this. When I was here last there was no hollow here, but only a level plain of snow and ice."

"Indeed!" exclaimed I, feeling strangely interested; "what then, do you infer? that there is about to be a fresh eruption?"

"I fear so, master; what else can have caused this change? You see there, is heat below, which has melted the thick glacier, and only a few streaks of ice now remain upon parts of the sides while the centre is gone."

"And the ground here has a slight feeling of warmth, too!" I rejoined, as I bent down and laid my hand upon it.

"Let us leave master!" returned the fellow, hurriedly, looking round with an expression of alarm. "I do not like to remain here; we may be destroyed at any moment. Let us hasten down and report what we have seen."

"Nay," said I, feeling strangely interested and fascinated by the perilous novelty, "I do not think there is any immediate danger for the snow and ice, it is plain to be seen, have melted slowly, and before I go away, never to return, I should like to venture into this basin and look down into one of these chasms."

"Oh no, master!" replied the guide, with nervous anxiety; "do not do it, it might cost you your life."

"At least I will risk it, if you will agree to wait for me," said I, fully determined on the venture, even though I were to go without his consent.

"I will wait," he answered, "but remember, master, you go down against my advice."

The crater or hollow was about fifty feet in depth, with gently sloping sides; and using my pointed stick with the greatest care, I forthwith began the descent, often stopping to try the temperature of the lava with my hand, and finding it gradually grow warm as I proceeded, though not sufficiently so as to excite any alarm. In a short time I reached the bottom, and stood on the verge of one of the seams or chasms, which opened far, far down into the heart of the mountain. It was about four feet in width, zigzag in shape, and emitted strongly the peculiar odor before mentioned. A small trickling stream from a melting layer of ice above was running into it; but I could only see that it was lost in the deep darkness below, from which came up a kind of hissing, boiling, surging, sound, with something like a rumbling shock at intervals, and gentle puffs of heated air.

The place, the scene, and with the sense of danger connected with it, held me there with a sort of magnetic fascination, and I soon

found myself strongly tempted to make a fatal plunge into the awful abyss. Knowing by experience that reason is not always able to control the actions in such cases, I forced myself back a few feet, but still remained near the opening, deaf to the entreaties of my frightened guide, who now began to implore me to return before it should be too late.

As the dread volcano had not been in action for more than thirty years before his birth, I believed that he could know no more of the danger than myself, and therefore preferred to act from the dictates of my own feelings rather than his fears; and as I was to pay him well for his services, felt but little disposed to be hurried from a place which it had cost me so much time, money and trouble to visit.

Giving no heed, therefore, to his earnest solicitations, I now resolved to sound, if possible, the depth of the chasm before me, and then proceed to inspect the others; and for this purpose I pried off from a larger one a small block of lava, and advancing to the very edge of the chasm, dropped it down, and listened to hollow reverberations, as it went bounding from side to side, long after it was lost to the eye. The depth was so immense that I heard it for more than a minute, and then the sound seemed rather to die out from distance than to cease because the block had reached its destination. It was an awful depth, and fearfully impressed me with the terrible; and as I drew back with a shudder, a guttural hot, sulphurous air rushed and roared upward, followed by a steam-like vapor, and a heavy, hollow sound, as if a cannon had been discharged far down in the bowl of the earth.

This new manifestation of the power of nature fairly startled me into a desire for flight, and I had already turned for the purpose, when suddenly there came a sort of rumbling crash, and the ground, shaking, heaving and rolling under me, began to crumble off into the dread abyss. I was thrown down, and, on my hands and knees, praying God for mercy, was scrambling over it and upward, to save myself from a most horrible fate, when two blocks, rolling together, caught my feet and legs between them, and without actually crushing, held them as if in a vice. Then came another crash and crumble, the lava slid away from behind me, and I was left upon the very verge of the awful gulf, now widened to some fifteen or twenty feet, down into which I looked with horror-strained eyes, only to see darkness and death below, and breathe the almost suffocating vapors that rushed up from that seemingly bottomless pit.

Oh, the horrors of that awful realization, what pen or tongue can portray them?—there a helpless but conscious prisoner, suspended over the mouth of a black and heated abyss, to be hurled downward by the next great throes of trembling nature.

"Help! help! help! for the love of God, help!" I screamed in the very agony of wild despair.

I looked up and around to catch a glimpse of my guide; but he was gone, and I had nothing to rely on but the mercy of heaven; and I prayed God, as I never prayed before, for a forgiveness of my sins, that they might not follow me to judgment. It might be a second, it might be a minute, it might be an hour that I should have to thus undergo a living death, but he the time long or short, I felt there was no escape from a doom that even now makes me grow pale and shudder when I think of it. Above me was a clear blue sky—beneath me a black and horrible abyss—around me sickening vapors that made my brain grow dizzy. Rumbling and hissing sounds warned me that another convulsion might occur at any moment, and another would be the last of me. Home and friends I should never see again, and my tomb would be the volcanic Hecla! I strove with the madness of desperation to disengage my imprisoned limbs, but I might as well have attempted to move a mountain. There I was, fixed and fastened for the terrible death I was awaiting. Oh, God of mercy! what a fate!

Suddenly I heard a shout, and looking around, I beheld, with feelings that I cannot describe, my faithful guide hastening down the rugged sides of the crater to my relief. He had fled in terror at the first alarming demonstration, but had nobly returned to save me, if possible, by risking his life for mine. May God reward him as he deserves.

"I warned you, master," he said, as he came up panting, his eyes half starting from his head, and his whole countenance expressing commingled terror and pity.

"You did! you did!" cried I, "but oh! forgive and save me!"

"You are already forgiven, master, and I will save you if I can—save you or perish with you."

Instantly he set to work with his iron-pointed stick to break the lava around my limbs, but had scarcely made any progress when again the earth trembled, and the blocks parted, one of them rolling down into the yawning chasm with a dull, hollow sound, I sprang forward—I seized a hand of the guide—we both struggled hard, and the next moment we had both fallen, locked in each other's arms, upon the solid earth above. I was free, but still upon the verge of the pit, and any moment we might both be hurled to destruction.

"Quick, master!" cried the guide; "up! up! and run for your life!"

I staggered to my feet with a wild cry of hope and fear, and half supported by my faithful companion, hurried up the sloping sides of the crater. As we reached the ridge above, the ground shook with a heavy explosion, and looking back, I beheld with horror a dark, smoking pit, where we had so lately stood. And then, without waiting to see more, I turned and fled over the rough ground as fast as my bruised limbs would let me. We reached our horses in safety, and hurrying down the mountain gave the alarm to the villagers, who joined us in our flight across the country till a safe distance was gained. Here I bade adieu to my faithful guide, rewarding him as a man grateful for the preservation of his life might be supposed to do. A few days later, when the long extinct Hecla was again convulsing the island and sending forth its mighty tongues of fire and streams of melted lava I was far away from the sublime and awful scene, thanking God I was alive to tell the story of my wonderful escape from a burning tomb.

THE CHILD IN THE GRAVE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

There was sorrow in the house—there was sorrow in the heart; for the youngest child, a little boy of four years of age, the only son, his parents' present joy and future hope, was dead. Two daughters they had, indeed, older than their boy—the eldest was almost old enough to be confirmed—amiable, sweet girls they both were; but the lost child is always the dearest, and he was the youngest, and a son. It was a heavy trial. The sisters sorrowed as young hearts sorrow, and were much afflicted by their parents' grief; the father was weighed down by the affliction; but the mother was quite overwhelmed by the terrible blow. By night and by day she devoted herself to her sick child, watched him, lifted him up, carried him about, done everything for him herself. She had felt as if he were a part of herself. She could not bring herself to believe that he was dead—that he should be laid in a coffin and concealed in the grave. God would not take the child from her, O no! And when he was taken, and she could no longer refuse to believe the truth, she exclaimed in her wild grief:—"God has not ordained this! He has heartless agents here on earth! They do what they list—they harken not to a mother's prayers!"

She dared, in her woe, to arraign the Most High; and then came dark thoughts—the thoughts of death—everlasting death—that human beings returned as earth to earth, and then all was over. Amid thoughts morbid and impious as these, there could be nothing

to console her, and she sank into the deepest depths of despair.

In these hours of deepest distress she could not weep. She thought of the young daughters who were left to her; husband's tears fell on her brow, but she did not look up at him—her thoughts were with her dead child; her whole heart and soul were wrapped up in recalling every reminiscence of the lost one, every syllable of his infantile prattle.

The day of the funeral came. She had not slept the night before, but toward morning she was overcome by fatigue, and sank for a short time into repose. During that time the coffin was removed into another apartment, and the cover was screwed down with as little noise as possible.

When she awoke she arose and wished to see her child. Then her husband, with tears in his eyes, told her, "We have closed the coffin: it had to be done."

"When the Almighty is so hard on me," she exclaimed, "why should human beings be kinder?" and she burst into tears.

The coffin was carried to the grave.—The inconsolable mother sat with her young daughters. She looked at them, but she did not see them; her thoughts had nothing more to do with home; she gave herself up to wretchedness, and it tossed her about as the sea tosses the ship which has lost its helmsman and its rudder. Thus passed the day of the funeral, and several days followed amid the same uniform, heavy grief. With tearful eyes and melancholy looks her afflicted family gazed at her. She did not care for what comforted them. What could they say to change the current of her mournful thoughts?

It seemed as if sleep had fled from her forever; it alone would be her best friend strengthen her frame, and recall peace to her mind. Her family persuaded her to keep her bed, and she lay there as still as if buried in sleep. One night her husband had listened to her breathing, and believing from it that she had at length found repose and relief, he clasped his hands, prayed for her, and for them all, then sank into a peaceful slumber. While sleeping soundly he did not perceive that she rose, dressed herself, and softly left the room and the house; to go—whither her thoughts wandered by day and by night—to the grave that hid her child. She passed quietly through the garden out, to the fields, beyond which the road led outside of the town to the churchyard. No one saw her, and she saw no one.

It was a fine night; the stars were shining brightly, and the air was mild, although it was the 1st of September. She entered the churchyard, and went to the little grave; it looked like one great bouquet of sweet-scented flowers. She threw herself down and bowed her head over the grave, as if she could thro' the solid earth behold her little boy, whose smile she remembered so vividly. The affectionate expression of his eyes, even upon his sick bed, was never, never to be forgotten.

How speaking had not his glance been when she had bent over him, and taken the little hand he was himself too weak to raise. As she had sat by his couch, so now she sat by his grave; but her tears might flow freely over the sod that covered him.

"Wouldst thou descend to thy child?" said a voice close by.

It sounded so clear, so deep, its tones went to her heart. She looked and near her stood a man wrapped in a large mourning cloak, with a hood drawn over the head; but she could see the countenance under this. It was severe, yet encouraging; his eyes were bright as those of youth.

"Descend to my child!" she repeated; and there was the agony of despair in her voice.

"Darest thou follow me?" asked the figure "I am Death!"

She bowed her assent. Then it seemed all at once as if every star in the heavens above shone with the light of the moon. She saw the many colored flowers on the surface of the grave move like a fluttering garment.—She sank, and the figure threw his dark cloak around her. It became night—the night of death. She sank deeper than the spade could reach. The churchyard lay like a roof above her head.

The Gallaudet Guide and Deaf Mutes' Companion.

HARTFORD, CT., MARCH, 1862.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who do not get their papers regularly, will please give notice of the fact to

DEWITT TOWSELEY,
Am. Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb,
Hartford, Conn.

WE ARE obliged to beg the indulgence of our friends for the tardiness with which the Guide has, so far, made its appearance. The reason why we were so long in getting out the January number, is given in our remarks on *Carolus' "Word,"* in another column; and the February number was retarded by the combined effects of the delay thus occasioned in commencing its preparation, and of an accident by which (through the carelessness of our hired compositor, the only person not a deaf-mute connected with the establishment,) several columns were reduced to a partial state of "pi," just as we were going to press. The latter reason also accounts for the faulty typographical appearance of that issue, as the damaged parts were replaced in a great hurry. Our arrangements are, however, now in good trim; and we are confident of avoiding in future all such accidents and delays, as vexatious to ourselves as they are to our subscribers.

It is with much pleasure that we present to our readers the first instalment of our long-promised *Agricultural Department*, from the pen of one of the most gifted of mutes, whose articles are no strangers to the columns of the Guide; and assure them of our hopes to be able each month to offer an equally interesting and instructive column for the especial benefit of our farming friends.

The third of those valuable religious articles by C. H. T. appears in this number. Others will follow in due course of time.

An esteemed Professor in one of our oldest Institutions contributes an article on "Fair Deaf-mute Salaries," which is well worth reading. His position is well chosen, and his deductions cannot be disputed.

A carefully compiled "Record of the Rebellion," which is our design to continue regularly, and which will be useful for reference, will be found on another page.

And in conclusion, let us ask you to do all you can to get new subscribers for the Guide. The "hard times" are passing away, the war will in all probability soon come to a triumphant end; and we trust you will not let "THE DEAF-MUTES PAPER" die or drag itself along with difficulty for lack of efficient support.

RATHER PERSONAL.

Our friend *Carolus* launches over a column of his wrath at the head of "Somebody about the Guide," in this number. He says we *lambasted* him on the stage and used soft words to him behind the scenes. This is true. Our comments on his letter were by no means just or proper. We sent a substitute couched in more polite language, the next day; but our intentions were defeated by a number of our letters to Mr. Syle being—for some reason, obvious enough, no doubt, to the gentlemen of the Post Office Department, but an unfathomable mystery to us—detained somewhere between Bangor and Hartford for two or three weeks, to which delay is also to be ascribed the January and February numbers being so late in making their appearance. Supposing that the substitute would appear instead of the first copy we sent, the tone of our private letters to *Carolus* was such that he has good ground for this complaint. He pecks at the grammar etc. of our article, and with justice though not with politeness. It was written in great haste while we were very ill; it was set up in haste and contains some typographical errors. Upon considering the matter we think we have treated *Carolus* as unjustly as he treated Mr. Smith.

But we deny positively and wholly, that we ever wrote, said or thought that *Carolus* ever wrote or said anything unjust or ungenerous concerning Mr. Smith or any other person. We wrote that, we did not intentionally asperse Mr. Smith; and the printer left out the word "not" by accident. If *Carolus*—as it seems from the ad he makes about it—thinks we wrote that sentence just as it stands, we are, in his opinion, a dunce. We plead guilty to having used the word "asperse"—the wrong word in the wrong place.

Carolus "defies the editor," etc. We do not like to stand defied; and therefore we will say:

I. *Carolus* says he "didn't find fault with *Senex's, J. R. B's, and R. P's*, articles on unreasonable grounds." In his letter he said that "most of the articles were unfit for mutes or anybody else to read." Now two-thirds, if not more, of the articles published in the Guide during 1861, were from *Senex, J. R. B., R. P., The Manual A B C,* and Mr. Flournoy. We grant that one or two were "unfit" etc. but the greater part by no means.

II. He says he "did not blame Mr. Smith for inserting these articles." If calling the greater part of an editor's articles unfit to be read, is not to blame him or to call him a fool, then we shall have to study our A B C's a while longer.

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III He says we "revealed his status." He never gave us any information concerning his "status" till long after the January number was out. We never heard of him that we are aware of, till he wrote us. We may possibly have seen his name in the *Annals* or elsewhere.

IV He "demands that the public have the benefit of soft words." We do not quite understand this. He is at liberty to publish anything contained in our private letters, having a bearing on this point. Our private letters were vastly more polite than our editorial we grant.

We consider *Carolus' articles* among the very best, in point of literary merit, and in other respects, that have appeared in the Guide. He has no equal in elegance, simplicity and straight-forwardness, save only in Philip, the author of "Belligerent Notes." We are very sorry that we were so short-sighted that we, with so little reason, flew in the face of one whose articles we value so highly.

Carolus is a gentleman—an honest, high-minded man; though he is a little too impulsive. But he forgot that to speak disparagingly of another person from behind a *nom de plume* is not the mark of a gentleman. No gentleman will assail another man and then dodge behind a *nom de plume*: he can so assail a man's opinions, but not his person. Two *noms de plume* can call each other fools and rascals *ad libitum*. Had *Raphael Palette* been the real name of the author of "The Diamond Seeker," *Cassivellanus, Jr.* would never have seen the light. By firing at our predecessor over our shoulder, *Carolus* placed us in a very uncomfortable position, whereat we foolishly got angry. His complaints as to the past character of the Guide should rather have appeared in December.

In conclusion we would say to *Carolus* that we would like to take our difficulty thus: "2px=x+y." The Editor will apologise if the result shows that he was wrong. Belaboring each other with blows and bespattering each other with Billingsgate, can do no earthly good whatever. Our space forbids further remarks.

OUR LETTER BAG.

The following comes to us with a request for its publication in the Guide: of course we comply. The writer calls our allusion to his avocation a "slur." If he will turn to the paragraph containing this "slur," he will find that it is placed under the head of *injudiciousness*. He will perceive that we were commenting on the consequences of certain ill advised acts; we were reasoning upon abstract right and wrong. The three gentlemen referred to were personally unknown to the committee, so were the Directors of the Asylum. Now for a bargeman, a shoemaker and a clerk on one side, undertake to bandy mere assertions and counter assertions with the Directions of the Institution, venerable men occupying the very highest social station, on the other, was, to say the least of it very unwise. Had the former been immaculate as angels, and the latter reprobates, the unwisdom would have been just the same; the verdict of men acquainted with neither persons nor circumstances would not have been different; they would still have "looked upon the externals of present circumstances."

The writer goes on to cast a very ungentlemanly slur upon us. We will not descend to replying to the dirty thing. We will say, however, in explanation, that the position formerly occupied by Mr. Clerc and latterly by Mr. Ballard, was tendered to us by Mr. Turner; we declined, but afterwards, circumstances having rendered it inconvenient for us to continue our studies, we signified that we would accept it were it still open to us. It had already been given to Mr. Towseley, however. On this probably the writer bases his thrust. Under present circumstances we would not accept a situation at Hartford or any other place.

Mr. Chamberlain is a man of superior intellect; he ranks an equal among our Booths, Burnetts, Carlins and Denisons; he is not ashamed but proud of his avocation—as every honest man should be—no snobishness can be laid at his door. We are exceedingly sorry that he should have acted the part of "Poor Tray" in his "expedition against Hartford." He has altogether too much sense to fly in our face after the manner of our friend the "Bargeman."

The last paragraph in the "card" is simply ridiculous—a parallel to the fable of the beetle, which, having turned over on its back, exclaimed in wonder: "Why, I've turned the world upside down!"

OUR AVOCATIONS.

Mr. Editor.—You will oblige me by giving this card an insertion in your paper. In the February No., I noticed in one of your editorials some epithets respecting myself and Messrs. Chamberlain and Smith. You called us a "Boston bargeman," a "Reading shoemaker" and a "clerk in a Registry of Deeds." These expressions are in bad taste, but I see your real motives. Although I wish to see you fairly established as a teacher at the American Asylum, I do not think these silly slurs at our honorable avocations, were well calculated to please the reverend superintendent of the Asylum.

In regard to our avocations, I am content with my being a bargeman, for it enables me to support my family decently; the shoemaking business of my South Reading friend, is by no means congruous with his superior intelligence; but he is compelled to support his family thereby; and Mr. Smith is happy at his desk, for in fact his avocation is a thing which you yourself would not despise.

I tell you sir, that it is far more honorable to tug at the oar, drive the awl, and write deeds, than stand with shivering legs and chattering teeth, (I understand it is always intensely cold at Bangor,) in expecting to succeed some resigning or defunct Professor at the Asylum.

In conclusion, it gives me much satisfaction to learn, that the effect of the move in Massachusetts, has been beneficial on the Asylum, as well as other institutions, for they have begun to show cleaner faces.

THE BOSTON BARGEMAN.

C. D.—"Articulation" exploded long ago. The experiments which we wanted to see tried were, for instance, Mr. Jacobs' "Methodical Signs," &c. If the mute is, to be educated for a hearing and speaking world, arbitrary signs should be used as sparingly as possible. No one disputes this.

SCHOOLBOY.—Your "Important Letter" is declined. You would be ashamed to have it published over your real name. The same motive actuates us in declining it.

M. A.—"Lola Montez" is not of sufficient interest.

SIGNUM.—Excellent, but will not spoil by keeping.

C. H. T.—"Style" is good; but it is so long that it must be laid by until we have room for it.

Some one writes us a lengthy letter headed "For the Guide," and commencing, "Can't Mr. — stop his everlasting brag?" We should think not, for two reasons—1st metaphysical—some people brag as naturally as a calf bleats—2d, logical—if the "brag" is "everlasting," how in the name of wonder can it be stopped? As for putting it into the Guide, the writer may—well, he "may have leave to withdraw."

AMERICAN ANNALS OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.—The Chairman of the publishing committee of the Annals requests us to state, that, though the condition of the country led to a temporary suspension of the publication, it is designed in the course of the present year to issue Nos. 3 & 4 to complete the unfinished Vol. XIII. Communications for or relating to the work, may be addressed as heretofore.

We are indebted to the Rev. Collins Stone, Principal of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, for the Thirty-Fifth Annual Report of its Trustees and Officers.

The Report exhibits a favorable state of things.

Under the management of its worthy and efficient Principal, healthfulness, good order, and diligent attention to study, have continued to be prominent characteristics of the Institution. We regret to see that the hopes of the friends of the mutes of Ohio, that ample and suitable accommodations would be provided for their education, have again been doomed to disappointment. The funds about to be set aside for the erection of suitable buildings, have been diverted to war purposes. The Institution is temporarily relieved from the inconveniences of an over-crowded state which it experienced in former years, by the withdrawal of many pupils residing in the southern part of the State, whose parents are unwilling to be separated from them in times of so much anxiety and alarm.

The Fourth Annual Report of the Columbian Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind has come to hand.

Undisturbed by the tramp of armed men, undismayed by the near neighborhood of our country's enemies—fearful of no second Bull Run—our friends at Washington pursue the even tenor of their way, and the Institution lives and thrives as usual under their watchful care.

The number of pupils in the Institution has now reached 41, of whom 35 are deaf mutes. This number will probably be considerably augmented during the next three or four years, as many will be admitted, while few will leave till their full course (8 years) is completed.

It is proposed to make the Columbian Institution "not only an asylum for the few needy in the vicinity of Washington, but a resort for higher instruction of the graduates of State Institutions of kindred character." An excellent plan, truly. Our "High Classes" are generally lazy sets; they have too much self-consequence; are altogether too wise—in their own opinion. A little emulation and rivalry would go a great way to correct this tendency.

The Wisconsin Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, located at Delavan seems, judging from the Tenth Annual Report, now lying on our table—to be in a highly satisfactory state, having now 86 pupils. No change has been made in its officers, though its Matron, who has, under the name of Miss O. S. Taylor, so acceptably discharged her duties for several years, will hereafter be known as Mrs. L. Eddy. The trustees have decided not to make their contemplated request for an appropriation for the completion of the west wing, owing to the expenses of the war, pressing hard upon the State Treasury.

Personal.

Our esteemed Treasurer, Charles Barrett Esq., has, not long since, departed from our midst. An eloquent tribute to his worth, from the pen of one who knew and loved him well, will be found in another column; but our business here is to announce that Mr. Geo. Homer, the Manager for Massachusetts, has been appointed by President Brown Treasurer *pro tem*, and has accepted the office, upon the discharge of the duties of which he has just entered.

By the way, Rev. W. W. Turner, Principal of the Asylum, who was on a business visit to Boston, was present and made an address at Mr. Barrett's funeral.

Oscar Kinsman, Esq., Manager for the states of Connecticut and Rhode Island, and a member of the Executive Committee, has removed from Hartford to Providence, R. I., to which place he requests that all his letters should be addressed.

We are happy to see Edward Gallaudet, Esq., Principal of the Columbian Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, here on his annual visit, and apparently in excellent health. He reports "all quiet along the Potomac," as usual.

President Brown in a private letter requests us to tell our readers to direct to West Henniker, when writing to him, as that is the nearest post-office to his residence, Henniker being further off.

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A VALUABLE TABLE.—The following table will be found very valuable to many of our readers:

A box 24 inches by 16 inches square, and 28 inches deep, will contain a barrel, (three bushels).

A box 14 inches by 16 inches square, and 14 inches deep, will contain a half barrel.

A box 26 inches by 15 1-2 inches, and 8 inches deep, will contain one bushel.

A box 12 inches by 11 1-2 inches, and 8 inches deep, will contain half a bushel.

A box 8 inches by 8 1-4 inches, and 8 inches deep, will contain one peck.

A box 8 inches by 8 inches, and 4 1-2 deep will contain a gallon.

A box 4 inches by 4 inches, and 4 1-2 deep, will contain one quart.—*Chatham (N. Y.) Courier.*

MARRIED.

Nov. 28th, 1861, Mr. Henry G. Gilman of Tamworth, N. H., a graduate of the Am. Asylum, to Miss Caroline A. Wallace.

At the Congregational Church in Danville, Vt., Feb. 5th, by Rev. John Eastman, Mr. Alonzo Alard of East Cambridge, Mass., to Miss Ellen R. Currier of Danville, both graduates of the Am. Asylum.

[We find an interesting account of this wedding in *The North Star*, of Danville, for Feb. 8th, and much regret that we have not space to copy it.—Ed.]

OBITUARY.

DIED in Boston, February 9th, CHARLES BARRETT Esq., aged 55 years.

Mr. Barrett was born in Boston Jan. 11th, 1805; entered the Hartford Asylum in 1816, and graduated from that Institution in 1822.

In 1852, when the "New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf Mutes" was formed, Mr. B. was chosen its Treasurer, which office he continued to hold by repeated election until his death. His death, sudden as it was, leaves a void difficult to fill. Honest and upright in all his dealings, he won the confidence and esteem of all.

To all who were permitted to know him, his short and comparatively uneventful life suggests many sweet and beautiful memories:—memories of gracious, kindly intercourse, of serene cheerfulness, of Christian content.

Kind and courteous to all, conscientious in the discharge of his duties, it was in the sacred circle of home that the purity and beauty of his character shone with the brightest and clearest light. He was indeed the sunshine of that home, gladdening all who entered it, lavishing warmth and light with an unconscious bounty that was its chief charm. Nature had been so bountiful to him in the rich gifts of the heart and soul, that one scarcely remembered his privations. The closed avenues shut out much that might have pained his childlike gentleness of heart and tarnished his rare purity of soul, while in the sweet and sacred silence his spirit grew like a white flower in the deep, quiet woods, reaching towards the great source of light and life. The flower has withered and fallen to the earth but the immortal germ within still lives to bloom and flourish in the new world and the new life.

His funeral took place on Tuesday Feb. 11th, from St. Peter's Church for Deaf Mutes, where with his brethren of the same deprivation of hearing and speech with himself, he had been accustomed to worship with that heart service which is not less acceptable to God than if accompanied by speech. The services were conducted by the Rev. Messrs. Gallaudet, Benjamin, and Whitney.

The perfect beauty of the sign language as illustrated by Rev. Mr. Gallaudet on this occasion, rendered the services of peculiar interest. The remains of the deceased repose in an open casket half obscured by white roses and *immortelles*. The face was slightly turned to the left, in the natural attitude of rest.

Fare thee well, good friend! thou hast gone to thy reward!

Boston, February 20th, 1862.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—A meeting of the Deaf-mute Christian Union was held at their room in Tremont Temple last evening, on the subject of the decease of Charles Barrett, Esq. Remarks were made by Messrs. Homer, Morse, Holmes and others; Mr. Smith intended to speak, but was prevented by indis-

position. The meeting was very large, and passed unanimously, the following resolutions: "WHEREAS, our valued friend and brother member, Mr. Charles Barrett, departed this life on the 9th of February, be it

Resolved, that the members of this Society express to the bereaved family their sympathy in the loss of a husband and father.

Resolved, that we desire to record our testimony of his long-continued interest in the welfare and progress of this society."

Geo. A. HOLMES,
Secretary of the Union.

DIED, at Lebanon, Ky., Dec. 20th, of typhoid fever, Rev. J. W. Jacobs' Chaplain of the Fourth Regiment Kentucky Volunteers, in the 25th year of his age.

Mr. Jacobs was the eldest son of Mr. J. A. Jacobs, Principal of the Kentucky Institution for Deaf Mutes at Danville. He had himself been connected with the Institution, for some six years previous to his death, as an Instructor. Two years ago he began to attend the lectures at the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Danville, still holding his connection with his Institution, and devoting a portion of his time to instruction. After the commencement of hostilities in Kentucky last Fall, he was elected, without any motion on his part, to the Chaplaincy of the Fourth, Col. Fry, which he accepted, after dissolving his official relations with his Institution. Mr. Jacobs was permitted to enjoy his new relations only long enough to discover that they were exceedingly agreeable to himself, and as pleasant to his regiment. Being detailed to have the supervision of the hospital at Lebanon, where the sick of his regiment were lying, he contracted a fever, which terminated in his death on the 20th inst.

Mr. Jacobs' death was quite a blow to the community of Danville, in which he was widely known. He was a young man of great suavity of manner, of remarkable amiability, and of great social powers, which combined gave him a very unusual popularity. His death was a terrible stroke to the Institution for the Deaf & Dumb, as well as to his family, in which he was one of the chief sources of happiness. He was a most excellent Instructor, and a splendid sign maker. He was reared in the Institution and understood signs from his earliest childhood. He had a peculiar grace about his manner of delivery, that but very few Speaking Teachers could ever hope to attain, and that rendered his teaching intensely interesting to his pupils. Several permanent improvements about the Institution were due entirely to his suggestion; not least among which was the establishment of a literary Society among the pupils for their improvement in signs and in general knowledge. And his friends in the Institution submitted to his departure only in the expectation that he would resume his labors among them again, after the close of the present war.

How the announcement of his decease told upon the pupils of the Institution, may be seen from the tenor of a series of resolutions which are published elsewhere in this number of the Guide. And these resolutions are to be taken, not merely as a testimonial of polite respect, but as the true feelings of hearts that dictate nothing but sentiments of earnest affection.

Of Mr. Jacobs' Christian character, we could not speak too highly. He was pious from his childhood. He joined the church in his youth. He was noted for the purity of his character. His slight acquaintance with evil was an astonishment to many of his friends. Though but young, his charities were many. We know not the extent of his liberalities, but they are neither unknown nor forgotten, or, his "witness is in heaven; and his record is on high."

To the co-laborers in the work of instruction, besides the consolation of the fitness of their departed brother for entering on his eternal rest, one other consolation is left, and that is, as God has been pleased to make a gap among them, there is yet the comfort of the prayer that he would so minister to their weakened strength, as to enable those who are left, to accomplish the work undertaken by the whole.

The following resolutions, passed at a called meeting of the Deaf Mute Society of the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb have been placed in our hands for publication: WHEREAS, God has been pleased in his inscrutable providence to remove from us and from his useful and noble labors, in the morning of his life, our friend and former Instructor, the Rev. J. W. Jacobs; we, the members of the Deaf Mute Society and pupils of the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in token of our love and respect for him, and in remembrance of his many virtues and his kind acts of sympathy for us, do in our bereavement over his death, adopt the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we sincerely mourn the loss of the Rev. J. W. Jacobs as the founder of our Society.

Resolved, That we lose in him a most interesting and valuable Instructor, a faithful helper, and a sincere friend.

Resolved, That we earnestly hope that the friends, relatives, and family of the deceased may have grace given them to bear submissively this burden of grievous affliction.

Resolved, That we wear a badge of mourning for a period of thirty days, as a testimonial of our sorrow and regard.

Resolved, That we send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased, as an expression of our sympathy with them.

Resolved, That a copy be also sent to the *Kentucky Tribune*, and to the *GALLAUDET GUIDE*, for publication.

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JESSE HOAGLAND,
JAMES H. REED,
JOSHUA HADLEY,
JAMES H. REED, Acting Chairman

The Gallaudet Guide and Deaf Mutes' Companion.

Died at Hartford, Conn., Feb. 16th., of a disease of a complicated nature, **SETH HULST**, aged 27 years and 9 months.

Mr. Hulst graduated from the Am. Asylum in 1851, and came to this city from his home at Pawlett, Vt., a few months ago, to work in Colt's Armory; but the nature of his occupation was not favorable to his health, and his constitution, already undermined by consumption, soon gave way. His remains repose in the lot belonging to the Asylum, in Spring Grove Cemetery.

BELLIGERENT NOTES.

SICKLY WEATHER—SUFFERING IN THE CAMPS—WHO SUFFER MOST, AND WHY—BURNSIDE—HIS EVIL STAR—OUR GALLANT NAVY—FORT DONELSON—OUR VICTORIES—THE SKIES BRIGHT.

WASHINGTON, February, 1862.

DEAR AUGUSTUS: The moist and unpleasant weather of which I complained in my last letter has hardly improved in the interval that has elapsed. The roads are still knee-deep with mud; leaden clouds, fog and rain are still the order of the day. You may think it unnecessary for me to have so much to say about the weather, a subject apparently wholly unconnected with the interest and progress of the war, concerning which you rely a great deal upon me for information. But in my opinion the weather has considerable influence for good or evil upon the men and matters of this war. The unceasing rain and the unrelenting mud, do much to confine the poor soldiers to their tents, or to render their out-of-door life gloomy and uncomfortable, to say nothing of the injury that is done to their health. Drills and parades have to be dispensed with for a time. Guard-mounting of course, goes on. The discomfort of standing twenty-four hours in a depth of twelve inches of mud, with the rain pouring down, the fog never lifting, and the sun never shining may easily be imagined.

Naturally enough, living as they do without exercise, and sleeping upon ground which for months has not known what it was to be dry, many of the soldiers on the Potomac are sick. The hospitals in Washington have been full for several months; and many a soldier has probably been left to die in his bare and lonely tent, who might have recovered, had it been possible for an ambulance to take him over the miserable Virginia roads to better accommodations and more skillful medical attendance in Washington.

It is a curious fact, that sickness prevails to a much greater extent among regiments from the mountain regions of Vermont and New-Hampshire, and the sea-coast of Maine, than among those from the crowded cities and factory-towns of the other New England States. One would think that the open-air life the mountaineers and fishermen had led, would render them almost secure from sickness or disease. But observation proves such a supposition false. These men have accustomed their constitutions to exercise and a surplus of fresh bracing air, so that their present compulsory inactivity tell upon them with all the more effect. Moreover, two climates cannot be imagined more antagonistic than the keen, invigorating air of the White Mountains, and the miasmatic, fever-breeding composition that hovers in the low, marshy shores that a person who has all his life breathed nothing but pure mountain air can pass to the other extreme without finding his health lose by the change.

Besides, owing to the sparsely-settled districts they come from, many of these mountaineers or lumbermen have, until now, escaped the epidemic diseases which the inhabitants of crowded towns usually suffer from in childhood. These diseases now find, of course, a large number of victims in the camps of the Vermont and New Hampshire men.

But in spite of the weather, and the maladies that it engenders and fosters, the soldiers of our noble army of the Potomac carry themselves bravely and cheerfully. They look forward eagerly to the time when their young chieftain shall lead them forth to battle.

Augustus:—When I wrote you last, the news was flying over the wires that a great battle had been fought in Kentucky, and the Union forces had won a glorious victory. Afterwards as I read the accounts of the conflict, especially that which told how General McCook ordered his crack regiment, the 9th Ohio, his "bully Dutchmen" as he calls them, to charge bayonets—and how they did it, driving the rebels in a perfect rout before them, and deciding the fate of the contest, I will say that my heart glowed, and my prophetic soul looked forth with glad hope into the future.

Burnside's Expedition had not struck its blow when I wrote then. But now you know well what it has accomplished. Three thousand prisoners, and trophies of war in the shape of as many small arms, several batteries mounting in all over forty heavy cannon, and the blackened and ruined hulls of "Commodore" Lynch's much-vaunted "mosquito fleet," tell a story of energy, daring, and success.

While Burnside's fleet lay near Hatteras, and he was exerting every nerve to repair the damage which storm, and sea, and cheating contractors had combined to inflict, reports of the disasters which had befallen him,

magnified till past all semblance to truth, were spreading in Rebeldom. The guilty hearts of traitors, that until then, had been trembling with fear at the near prospect of justice being dealt to them, leaped for joy.

For a time nothing was more common in the newspapers of Secession, than long winded accounts of shipwreck and the drowning of the thousands of ruthless invaders of the sacred soil. The coast of Hatteras was complimented for the execution it had done. Hatteras, until now, but another name for treachery and a watery death, was at once canonized and took rank with Beauregard and Manned Battery and other most noble defenders of the Confederacy.

A Richmond paper spoke compassionately of Burnside. He was, it condescended to say, an able man and an energetic soldier; but he was born under an evil star. It was his fate to live a life uncheered by success, and unblest with triumph. He was in the disastrous encounter at Bull's Run; after unprecedented exertions he had brought his expedition to the shore of North Carolina, but here his evil fates again interposed. Now his ships strewed the strand for miles in useless wrecks. The bodies of his followers, by the thousand, lined the bottom of the sea or were food for sharks. The sailors of the expedition, like their class, proverbially superstitious would recognize his evil star and refuse to serve under him. In conclusion, said the Richmond paper, we may dismiss him with his fangs extracted, as harmless and unworthy of the least further consideration.

Well—the result has proved that Burnside after all, does not live under an evil star. At Roanoke Island the men under his command fought as if failure or disaster was a thing, not merely improbable, but impossible, as long as they had his genius to direct and his example to inspire. Goldsborough may well be proud of the action of his gallant tars throughout the whole affair, and of the compliment the President has paid them through his Secretaries of War and the Navy.

The traditional glory of the American Navy is well preserved in these days of civil war—do not you think so? Hatteras, Port Royal and Roanoke form chapters in our naval history that will be read with increasing admiration as time rolls on. And now, Flag Officer Foote adds another chapter, in the taking of Fort Henry with its formidable armament of seventeen heavy guns, and in the heroic attack upon Fort Donelson. Only accidents to the steering apparatus of his gunboats, prevented his capture of the last fort, on Friday, the 4th of this month, within an hour and a half after commencing the assault. With such men as these naval heroes, we need not fear for our maritime reputation, should the course of events bring us into a war with England. It is nothing to say that England has the heaviest frigates and the far more considerable navy. She boasted of her superiority in these respects in 1812, but our then Duponts, Goldsboroughs and Footes—Hull, Decatur, Perry and others—more than made up for our inferiority in weight and numbers.

How this taking of Fort Donelson with the land forces under General Grant caps the climax of the great successes which God has vouchsafed our arms since the new year came in! Fifteen thousand troops with Major General Buckner at their head surrender to our army prisoners of war. Such a surrender has never before been seen on this continent; and we might read European history long before we come to mention of anything as considerable.

It is no detractor from the glory of the achievement to say that the army of the Union had between forty and fifty thousand men, while the rebels had probably at no time over twenty-five thousand. Indeed, when we consider how formidably General Buckner's forces were armed, and how completely entrenched, we may claim that the odds were really, if not seemingly, in their favor. You observe that I reason on the hypothesis that the first newspaper reports of our numbers in the engagement were correct, when in fact they far overstate the truth. Mr. Trumbull of Illinois said, the other day, in the Senate that the army under General Grant numbered in all only twenty-eight thousand troops. This fact adds immeasurably to the greatness of the victory.

Russia held the combined armies of France and England, two hundred thousand strong at bay for many long months with forty thousand men in the forts and redoubts of Sebastopol. Two things are evident from the battle of Fort Donelson: first, that the Southerners, owing to faint heartedness in their cause, and newly-awakened disgust with the scheme of a Jeff Davis Confederacy, did not fight with a tithe of the determination and courage of the Russians; second, that the Unionists inspired by a just cause and a confidence that God was with them, accomplished in three days what, reasoning from the story of the hard-won batteries of Sebastopol, would have taken a much larger army of French and English several months.

Among the trophies captured were, in addition to the prisoners, three thousand horses, twenty thousand stand of arms, and altogether over one hundred and forty pieces of artillery. A military leader who achieves such results is worthy of being made a Major-General. Undoubtedly the President thought so

as he sent in Ulysses S. Grant's nomination for that distinction within a few hours after hearing of the result of the siege of Fort Donelson.

With this month closes a strangely eventful period in the history of the war, and one of memorable and unvarying success on the part of the Union. Only a short time ago, we saw the country overrun by armed rebels almost up to the banks of the Ohio and the borders of Iowa. But now Gen. Halleck tells us that the last rebel soldier is out of Missouri, and that our flag is carried by a victorious army many miles into Arkansas. Kentucky too, he adds, is virtually cleared of rebels, and another great victory will give us Tennessee. The domain of rebeldom in Virginia grows small by degrees and beautifully less. The western portion is ours, as it has been firmly from the first. General Lander has cut a passage westward from Harper's Ferry to Hancock and soon moves southward on Winchester. Our army on every side closes around Manassas. Great events are at hand, if the rebel army of the Potomac concludes to remain there. God defend and prosper the Right.

For the Guide.

"PAIR DEAF MUTE SALARIES"

Every thing calculated to increase a suspicious and discontented spirit among deaf-mutes, is to be regretted, as tending to alienate their friends, to sour their own dispositions, and to impair their usefulness. For this reason chiefly, I have regretted to see a series of articles in recent numbers of the Guide, based upon the assumption, that deaf-mute teachers are unfairly treated by Directors of American Institutions, in being paid less than speaking teachers. That this is not so, may be easily shown, to the full satisfaction of all deaf-mutes who desire only what is fair. To argue with others, whom self-interest blinds, would of course be useless.

Two distinct questions must be considered by the Directors in employing teachers:—first:—What kind of teachers should be selected?—second:—What should be their compensation? As the correct answer to the second depends upon the first, our argument necessarily involves both.

Two principles should govern the Directors in deciding these questions. First, *Preference should be given to deaf-mutes in the selection of teachers, so far—but only so far—as is consistent with the highest success of the Institution.*—Second, *The compensation of deaf-mute teachers should be such—but only such—as other equally competent mutes would accept, if the situation were offered to them.* This, for brevity, I shall hereafter designate "The fair deaf-mute salary." A few words only are needed to establish the correctness of these two principles.

Preference should be given to deaf-mutes in the selection of teachers, so far as is consistent with the highest success of the Institution: because the avenues of profitable employment open to the deaf-mute, are comparatively so few; because the pleasure and advantage to him of employment in such Institutions, are so great; and because his own experience as a mute peculiarly qualifies him for some portions of the work. If therefore deaf-mute teachers are fully competent to achieve the highest success of the Institution, then none but deaf-mutes ought to be employed as Teachers. If they are not thus fully competent, others who are, must be sought for.

The compensation of deaf-mute teachers should be such—but only such—as other equally competent deaf-mutes would accept, if the situation were offered to them: because this is the only just principle of deaf-mute compensation, in its bearing on deaf-mute teachers; on other unemployed mutes; and on the public. To pay them less than this would be obviously unjust to the teachers as individuals. To pay them more, would be unjust to other unemployed mutes, who would be glad to accept the situation, at the fair deaf-mute salary. To pay them more than such a sum would also be wrong in the Directors, as guardians of public money;—for the excess of salary thus paid to any deaf-mute teacher, above "the fair deaf-mute salary," would be really an unearned and unmerited gratuity to him; from the public funds under the guardianship of the Directors;—and the Directors have no moral right to make any such gratuities. They may indeed, in the conscientious exercise of their discretionary power, sometimes make a gratuity to an old and faithful officer, but never an unmerited one. Justice therefore to deaf-mute teachers; to other mutes; and to the public; requires that the compensation of such teachers should be neither more nor less than equally competent mutes would demand, if the situation were offered to them.

This is so obvious, that it probably would never have occurred to any deaf-mute teacher to ask for more, if he had not seen a portion of his colleagues actually receiving more. Seeing this, however, in most if not all our American Institutions, he naturally asks,—Why should not I also, as well as these my colleagues, receive more?

There are two answers to this question, each perfectly sound and conclusive. The first is—that the *fairness, or justice, or equity*, of this "fair deaf-mute salary" which we have shown is all that deaf-mutes ought to expect, or that Directors ought to pay, *does not depend at all upon the compensation of any other class of teachers than deaf-mutes, but only, as we have shown, upon what equally competent unemployed mutes would require, for the same services.* Whatever sum would, upon this ground, be a fair compensation for him, in an Institution where all the teachers were deaf-mutes, would, upon the same ground, be also and equally fair for him, if only a portion of them were mutes, without any reference to the compensation of the other portion. It may indeed, be wrong for the Directors to pay this other class of teachers, more than "the fair deaf-mute salary,"—but this wrong if it be one, cannot justify another.

The second answer is, that *this other class of teachers, who do actually receive more than "the fair deaf-mute salary," are employed by the Directors, because of a supposed necessity.* If this were not so, the Directors would be guilty of a wrong to deaf-mutes, in employing this other class at all, and a still greater wrong to the public, in paying them unearned and unmerited gratuities, above "the fair deaf-

mute salary." But the Directors of most, if not all, our American Institutions, in considering the first of the two questions which we mentioned at the outset, have decided that a corps of teachers composed exclusively of deaf-mutes, could not achieve the highest success of the Institution. They have decided that *this highest success requires* that a portion of the teachers should be speaking persons—and not only so, but also highly educated speaking persons—men who have carried their own education forward from the point where deaf-mutes usually terminate theirs, by a protracted and expensive course of academic and collegiate study,—thus qualifying themselves for those various professional positions in society, which command the largest salaries. Of course, to secure such persons as teachers, the Directors must pay them "a fair professional salary"—a much higher sum than "the fair deaf-mute salary."

Now I do not affirm, that this supposed necessity for the employment of such persons as teachers, *does actually exist.* I only affirm, that their employment at "a fair professional salary" on the ground that they can achieve results which deaf-mutes cannot, furnishes no valid reason for paying deaf-mute teachers more than "the fair deaf-mute salary." This no one can deny.

If, however, it be denied, (as it probably will be, by most mutes), that any necessity exists for the employment of such highly educated speaking persons as teachers, let those who make the denial, carefully note what is the true inference from it: viz, that *all such teachers should be dismissed, and their places filled by competent mutes at "the fair deaf-mute salary."* Even if deaf-mutes are correct, in claiming that they are fully competent to achieve the highest success of an Institution, they need to revise the argument which they have usually founded on that claim. Instead of saying thus, "These highly educated speaking teachers are unnecessary,—therefore retain them at 'professional salaries,' and pay deaf-mute teachers the same, instead of 'the fair deaf-mute salary'—thus adding one wrong to another—the true argument would be, "These highly educated speaking teachers are unnecessary; therefore do not employ them at any compensation, however low; because by their employment, an equal number of mutes are excluded. Dismiss them therefore, and employ in their stead competent mutes, at the fair deaf-mute salary."

(When the question of compensation is thus disentangled from its usual complication with another in the minds of deaf-mutes, no candid mute can deny the correctness of our fundamental principle in regard to the former—viz: that the compensation of deaf-mute teachers should be such, but only such, as competent mutes would accept, if the situation were offered to them.)

Whether the deaf-mute teachers employed at the present time in our American Institutions, do actually receive "fair deaf-mute salaries," or not, I have not undertaken to decide; but only to show, that the simple fact that they receive less than speaking teachers, affords no evidence to the contrary. It is obvious, however, that our fundamental principle of fair deaf-mute compensation, furnishes in itself an infallible test, by which each deaf-mute teacher may decide the fairness, or otherwise, of his own salary. He has only to ask himself, *whether the sum which he receives, would be accepted by other equally competent mutes, if the situation were offered to them.* If so, his salary is fair; and instead of complaining of it, and soliciting gratuities from the Directors, in the shape of an excess of compensation above a "fair deaf-mute salary,"—he should rather be thankful, that he has obtained the preference over other unemployed mutes, who would gladly have accepted his situation. If he cannot do this, or if he cannot, at least, be satisfied with a "fair deaf-mute salary," he should resign the situation to some deaf-mute who can.

But, while the fair compensation of deaf-mute teachers must always remain less than ordinary professional salaries, it is yet the right and the duty of every deaf-mute who denies the necessity of employing highly educated speaking persons in deaf-mute instruction, to argue and agitate for their removal, and the appointment of competent mutes in their stead. Let dissatisfied deaf-mute teachers, then, instead of expending their energies in fruitless efforts to secure an unfairly high salary for themselves, turn them in this direction; where alone they can accomplish anything, and where success will confer benefit on the whole class of competent mutes, by multiplying their opportunities of profitable employment.

A WORD FROM "CAROLUS."

Somebody about the Guide, it seems, has quite a spite at Carolus—a terrible vengeance to wreak upon him; or why his wordy volley poured forth at him through the columns of the January number. Maybe it is but the ebullition of the pent up wrath from the immaculate bosom of the Guide,—wrath treasured up against the whole fraternity of speaking teachers. If this be so; and if this discharge of volleyed thunder satisfies the feelings of the offended monthly, Carolus is willing to suffer for the whole guilty corps.

The Editor in his bristling editorial blazes away at Carolus evidently upon the presumption that he is a speaking teacher; and proceeds to administer over his shoulders a severe chastisement upon all the speaking teachers of the land. Now Carolus would like to know how the Guide came by the information that he is a speaking teacher, or even a speaking person at all. He is very confident that he never told the Guide anything whatever about himself. He is very certain that his letter of December, 1861 says nothing about the matter, and that is the only letter he has ever written to the Guide. And, therefore, under the circumstances, the Editor might have acted just as reasonably upon the presumption that Carolus was the Man in the Moon, or the Angel Gabriel, and written accordingly. If the Editor has any confidential information of the status of Carolus, and makes public use of it against him, he is abusing his editorial privileges, and abusing the confidence reposed in him by his correspondents; and such conduct ought not to be tolerated by the Board of Managers. The Editor should bear in mind that he is not making an attack upon the private individual character of his correspondent, but only criticizing the sentiments of his published article. And he has no right to draw upon any facts in the case, except as he can get them from the words of the article. If the Editor is not confining himself in his strictures to the letter of his Kentucky correspondent, as

he ought, but is making a dash at Carolus generally, Carolus would like to be informed of the fact; for he has the documents in his possession that can be very easily worked up into an article that will make the ears of the Guide tingle. If the Editor is disposed to tamper with the correspondents of the Guide, the matter had better be dropped just here. The curtain had better be kept down.

But whether Carolus be a speaking teacher, or a dumb teacher, or no teacher at all; whether he be a paginny or a ghost, he is willing to act as scape-goat for the sins of the erring Professors. If the Guide is sufficiently appeased by the punishment it has indicted upon him.

But a word to R. P., J. R. B., &c. Dear Sirs; Carolus takes it for granted that you have all read what has appeared over his signature in reference to yourselves, and also the editorial remarks thereupon. You must all doubtless think Carolus a person of amazing presumption and impudence. He thinks it very natural and reasonable that you should, if all that you hear he has said of you be true. He distinctly and flatly disavows the authorship of a part which the Editor attributes to him in relation to your communications.

The Editor says: "Our correspondent (meaning Carolus) is, *judging from 'Senex' and 'J. R. B.' and 'R. P.' communications and blames Mr. Smith for inserting them.*" As to finding fault with the communications, that Carolus did do, but not at all upon unlawful or unreasonable grounds. His reasons for so doing, he has already given, and he thinks they are clear enough to render a repetition of them unnecessary. But Carolus denies emphatically and wholly ever having blamed Mr. Smith "or any other man" for giving the articles of these correspondents a place in the Guide. He defies the Editor to show where and when he ever did make any such complaint. It is not contained in his letter either by implication or directly. And if it is not discoverable there, the Editor has no authority for making the assertion. Carolus has rather a short memory; but what he says, he will stand up for; what he affirms, he is responsible for. And he now positively declares that he never did knowingly blame Mr. Smith for inserting the communications of "Senex" or "J. R. B." or "R. P.," that he never meant any such thing in any article he ever penned, either public or private; and that if he ever has unwittingly uttered so improper a speech, he sincerely begs the pardon of these gentlemen or ladies, or whoever they may be. But believing he never has so spoken or written or signed, he hopes the offended correspondents will look to the Editorial Department for an explanation.

Something was said in the letter from Kentucky about the character of the articles in the Guide last year. No articles were designated, and no authors were mentioned, and there is no sort of logical inference by which it can be proved that J. R. B. or R. P. or "Senex" were intended. Carolus knows these writers to be able ones, J. R. B. especially; and if he conducted a paper he would like to have them write for him; but if he conducted a paper for deaf-mutes, he would like to have them descend nearer to the comprehension of deaf-mute readers. The Guide is partly dependent upon congenial mutes or support. And we cannot think it asking too much to have a portion of its columns filled with matter they can understand and relish.

Again: the Editor does not make any denial of what his correspondent has said about the character of the Guide last year. The Editor says: "We have undertaken to tear in pieces this aspersion of Mr. Smith's conduct, &c." Carolus does not feel that he has been torn very severely. For though the Editor has danced and pranced all around the subject, he has taken particular pains not to attempt to of the charges made. He has torn at his correspondent very considerably, but he has been very careful to let his letter alone. He has called the letter an aspersion. Now if he wants people to believe it to be such, the best way to do it is by an array of facts. These he has not given—not even attempted. So Carolus deems any answer to this part of the strictures upon him unnecessary, except upon one point. The editorial goes on to say, "We consider the aspersion itself ungenerous and unjust, although intentionally so." Now, if Carolus understands this sentence, it means, that the Editor believes that the remarks of his correspondent upon Mr. Smith, were ungenerous and unjust, and were intentionally ungenerous and unjust. This is very harsh language, and language that we do not like to reply to. There is one sort of answer that we might make, but which our feelings as a Christian gentleman forbid us to use. Before replying at all we would like to know if the Editor really intended what he has said. We would like to know how the Editor knew we were intentionally ungenerous and unjust. The burden of proof lies upon him. Until he has proved that we have intentionally slandered Mr. Smith, this sentence rests as a gross aspersion upon our character, which it devolves upon him to clear up. But we will not believe that the Editor purposed to say that Carolus basely slandered his predecessor. We take the present Editor to be too much of a gentleman to use such language knowingly about us. If he did intend so to speak, we have no reply to make. We will not now or ever reply to such thrusts that are willfully and knowingly made at us. If the Guide has no more respect for our sense of honor and justice, why we had better be forbidden the use of its columns altogether.

About the whole matter, Carolus thinks his treatment has been very singular. It looks to him amazingly like kicking a fellow in public, and then apologizing to him in private. Now Carolus does not like to be lambasted upon the stage, and then conciliated behind the scenes. He prefers that the public have the benefit of the soft words, as well as of the abuse.

An Original Thought of a Little Deaf Mute Boy.

A little deaf mute boy, who was very desirous of learning the name of every thing that he saw, one day, after looking about among the flowers and plants, the names of which he could not tell, came to his teacher and said to him, "he wished that God would cause the name of each tree, and plant, and flower to grow written upon its leaves, then he and the other deaf mutes could learn them themselves, as they walked about the gardens and fields."

Law in Regard to Newspapers.

1st. A post master is required to give notice, by letter, (returning a paper does not answer the law), when a subscriber does not take his paper from the office, and state the reasons for its not being taken; and a neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.

2d. Any person who takes a paper from the post office,—whether directed to his name or to another—or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the pay.

3d. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made and collect the whole amount, whether it is taken from the Post Office or not.—There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

4th. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send it, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he take it out of the Post Office. The law proceeds on the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

RECORD OF THE REBELLION.

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

Immediately on the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States, commenced the most wicked and senseless rebellion the world ever knew, against the best government ever conceived by man. It was not wholly unexpected. It was known that the Southern leaders had long been watching and waiting for a pretext on which to raise the standard of revolt;—but when the explosion did come, we were taken almost entirely by surprise; a surprise from which we, however, quickly recovered. The rebellion took its origin from the persons, ambition of disappointed politicians at the South, on one hand, and the exaggerated enthusiasm of the Abolitionists of the North. Both, while hating each other cordially, labored to the same end. The former were actuated by selfish personal interest; the latter, in their zeal for the liberation of four millions of negro slaves, were ready to accept war with all its untold horrors, if there was a prospect of their wishes being gratified by this means.

The following is a summary of the most important events since the breaking out of the war. A similar abstract of the doings of the past month will be given in each succeeding number:

Nov. 4, 1860.—Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, elected President, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, Vice-President, of the United States.

Nov. 10.—Bill introduced in the South Carolina Legislature to raise 10,000 volunteers to resist the Federal Government.

Nov. 18.—The Georgia Legislature votes \$1,000,000 to arm the State.

Dec. 3.—Congress meets.

Dec. 14.—Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, resigns because President Buchanan will not send reinforcements to Major Anderson.

Dec. 20.—SOUTH CAROLINA SECEDES FROM THE UNION.

Dec. 25.—Major Anderson leaves Fort Moultrie and takes up his quarters in Fort Sumter, with 70 men.

Dec. 28.—General seizure of Federal property throughout South Carolina.

Jan. 9, 1861.—The steamer Star of the West, with reinforcements for Fort Sumter, fired upon and driven back by the Rebels... Mississippi secedes.

Jan. 10.—Florida secedes.

Jan. 11.—Alabama secedes. The New York Legislature tenders the whole power and resources of the State to the General Government, an example which is speedily followed by other States.

Jan. 19.—Georgia secedes.

Jan. 26.—Louisiana secedes.

Feb. 8.—The "Southern Confederacy" formally established by the Rebel Congress at Montgomery, Ala.; and on the following day Jeff. Davis, of Mississippi, chosen President, and Alex. H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice President, of the C. S. A.

March 4.—Inauguration of President Lincoln. . . . Texas secedes.

April 11-13.—Bombardment and final surrender of Fort Sumter, garrisoned by 70 U. S. Artillerymen, to 3000 South Carolina troops.

April 15.—The President's Proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers for three months issued, and heartily responded to by the loyal States.

April 17.—Virginia secedes. The arsenal at Harper's Ferry burned.

April 19.—Attack on the 6th Massachusetts regiment in Baltimore, 2 of them killed, 7 wounded. 11 rioters killed and many wounded. The "Reign of Terror" of the bridge-burners.

April 29.—Maryland finally gives in her adherence to the Union.

May 3.—The President calls for 42,000 more volunteers.

May 11.—Blockade of Charleston and other Southern ports established.

May 13.—Queen Victoria issues a Proclamation of neutrality.

May 20.—North Carolina secedes.

May 21.—Occupation of the "sacred soil" of Alexandria, Va., by U. S. troops. Col. Ellsworth assassinated.

June 3.—The Rebels routed at Philippi, Va., by Col. Kelly. . . . Death of Senator Douglas.

June 16.—Battle at Big Bethel, Va., in which Major Winthrop falls.

June 17.—Western Virginia leaves the Rebel section of the State and rejoins the Union. . . . The Rebels fire upon a railroad train near Vienna, Va., killing 8 Union soldiers. . . . Battle at Booneville, Mo.; the Rebels routed with a loss of 50.

June 24.—Tennessee secedes.

July 2.—Engagement near Martinsburg, Va. The Rebels routed.

July 4.—Congress meets in extra session.

July 11.—Battle at Rich Mountain, Va. The Rebels defeated with a loss of 60 killed and wounded. The Union loss 12 killed and 35 wounded.

July 12.—Col. Pegram surrenders his whole force to Gen. McClellan.

July 18.—First engagement at Bull Run; 19 Union and 15 Rebel soldiers killed.

July 21.—Battles of Bull Run. After a struggle of 10 hours with an enemy twice of

thrice their number strongly entrenched, the Union army is driven back in disorder towards Washington, losing 479 killed, 1011 wounded and 1500 taken prisoners. Rebel loss 373 killed, 1200 wounded.

July 22.—Gen. McClellan called to the command of the army of the Potomac.

Aug. 2.—Gen. Lyon defeats McCulloch at Dug Spring, Mo., losing 8 killed and 30 wounded. Rebel loss 40 killed, 41 wounded.

Aug. 10.—Battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo. Gen. Lyon with 5200 men attacks and puts to flight the Rebels 24,000 strong, but being killed while heading a charge, his army retires to Rolla, having lost 263 killed, 721 wounded. Rebel loss 421 killed, 1300 wounded.

Aug. 16.—The President proclaims non-intercourse with the Rebel States.

Aug. 28.—Taking of Forts Hatteras and Clark, N. C. Rebel loss in prisoners, 765.

Sept. 10.—Battle of Carnifex Ferry, Va. The Rebel general Floyd defeated by Gen. Rosecrans, with heavy loss.

Sept. 12.—Fight at Cheat Mountain, Va. The Rebels lose 40, the Unionists 5.

Sept. 18.—The Maryland Legislature closed by the Provost Marshal, and all the Secession members sent to Fort McHenry.

Sept. 20.—Surrender of Col. Mulligan, at Lexington, Mo., with 2500 men, to 26,000 Rebels under Gen. Price, after 4 days' struggle.

Oct. 9.—Attack on Wilson's Zouaves on Santa Rosa Island, Fla.; the Rebels repulsed with loss.

Oct. 12.—Unsuccessful attempt to burn the Mississippi blockading fleet.

Oct. 21.—Battle of Edwards Ferry, Va.: the Unionists, 1500 strong, are driven back across the Potomac, with a loss of several hundred men, among them Gen. Baker, U. S. Senator from Oregon. . . . Battle of Fredericksburg, Mo.; Rebel loss 200 to 300, Union loss 30.

Oct. 29.—The great Naval Expedition of 81 vessels and 15,000 soldiers, under the command of Commodore Dupont and Gen. Sherman, sails from Fort Monroe.

Nov. 1.—Gen. Scott retires from the command of the U. S. Army, and is succeeded by Gen. McClellan.

Nov. 2.—Gen. Fremont removed from the command of the Western Department.

Nov. 7.—The Union fleet captures Forts Walker and Beauregard, at Port Royal entrance, S. C.; also the town of Beaufort.

Nov. 15.—The Rebel "Commissioners" Mason and Slidell brought to Fortress Monroe, by Capt. Wilkes, in the San Jacinto.

Dec. 2.—Congress meets.

Dec. 11.—Great fire in Charleston, S. C.; loss \$10,000,000. Destructive fires in other Southern cities at the same time.

Dec. 17.—The Rebels defeated at Mumfordsville, Va., with a loss of 33 killed, 50 wounded.

Dec. 18.—Gen. Pope surprises a Rebel camp and takes 1300 prisoners.

Dec. 20.—Battle of Drainesville, Va.; the Rebels signally defeated by Gen. McCall, losing 57 killed and 22 wounded.

Dec. 27.—Mason and Slidell surrendered to the British Minister, Lord Lyons.

Dec. 28.—Gen. Prentiss with 450 men, disperses 900 Rebels under Col. Dorsey, at Mount Simon, Boone Co., Mo., killing and wounding 150, capturing 135 men, 95 horses and 105 guns.

Dec. 31.—Capture of Boloxi, Miss., by the Unionists. . . . Public Debt of the United States \$500,000,000.

Jan. 1st, 1862.—Gen. Stevens with 4500 men, aided by four gun-boats, drives 8,000 Rebels from their intrenchments near Port Royal Ferry, S. C.

Jan. 4.—The Rebels defeated at Huntersville, Va., with a loss of 80 men.

Jan. 6.—The forces of the Rebel Gen. Humphrey Marshall defeated and dispersed, near Painesville, Ky.

Jan. 8.—The Rebels routed at Blue Gap, Va., with a loss of 15 killed and 30 taken prisoners. . . . 1000 Rebels dispersed with heavy loss, by 450 Unionists, at Silver Creek, Mo.

Jan. 9.—Gen. Buell enters Kentucky with an army of over 100,000 Unionists.

Jan. 11.—The Expedition under command of Commodore Goldsborough and Gen. A. E. Burnside, consisting of nearly 100 vessels and 20,000 men, sets sail from Fortress Monroe.

Jan. 13.—Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, resigns and is appointed Minister to Russia.—He is succeeded by Hon. Edwin A. Stanton of Penn.

Jan. 16.—Desperate fight near Irontrout, Mo., between 4000 Rebels under Jeff. Thompson, and 800 Unionists. Many killed on both sides. The Unionists at length retire, overpowered by numbers.

Jan. 17.—Death of Ex-President John Tyler at Richmond, Va.

Jan. 18.—Battle of Somerset, Ky. The Rebels are signally defeated by Gens. Schoeff and Thomas, losing their General, Felix K. Zollicoffer, with 700 killed and taken prisoners, and their whole camp and baggage.

Feb. 6.—Commodore Foote, with 4 iron and 3 wooden gunboats, takes Fort Henry on the Tennessee River, with the Rebel General Lloyd Tilghman and 60 men, the remainder of his garrison of 5000 having fled to Fort Donelson.

Feb. 7.—Roanoke Island, N. C., captured by the Unionists under Gen. Burnside, who lose 50 killed and 225 wounded. Rebel loss 3,500 killed and taken prisoners; among the former, O. Jennings Wise, son of Ex-Gov. Wise, and one of the most violent secessionists of Virginia. As the fruits of this victory, the whole coast of North Carolina comes into the possession of the Unionists.

Feb. 10.—Gen. Stone arrested and taken to Fort Lafayette on a charge of treason.

Feb. 13.—Gen. Lander surprises and breaks up a Rebel camp at Blooming Gap, Va., killing 18, and capturing 17 officers and 45 privates.

Feb. 14.—The President proclaims an amnesty to all political prisoners who will take the oath of allegiance.

Feb. 15.—The extensive fortifications at Bowling Green, Ky., evacuated by the rebels and occupied by the Union troops.

Feb. 16.—Gen. Grant, (who is immediately promoted to a Major-Generalship for the act,) with 25,000 men and 6 gunboats, takes Fort Donelson, Tenn., on the Cumberland River, garrisoned by about the same number of rebels, and commanded by Gen. Buckner, after three days hard fighting. Generals Floyd and Pillow, however, steal away with 5,000 men.

Feb. 22.—Washington's birthday is celebrated by the inauguration at Richmond, Va., of Jeff. Davis as President, and A. H. Stephens as Vice President, of the C. S. A., "for six years."

LETTER FROM THE WOODS EXCURSIONISTS.

Occupation in Camp.—Navigation of the West Branch.—One of the Party does not come to time.—Description of the North East Carry.—A Primitive Railroad.—The Farm.—Reverence for the Slaves and Stripes.—Fish in Lobster Stream.—The Inhabitants pronounce the Excursion without a Guide "unprecedented" and perilous.—They will risk it.—Good-bye if they never return.

In CAMP AT PINE STREAM FALLS, August 19, 1861.

To the Editor of the Bangor Daily Times:

A day's work canoeing over the rapids—which is decidedly a new experience for us—and the labor of cutting wood, building camp and getting supper, naturally make me feel a little inclined to sleep, now that it is after nine o'clock at night: but as we shall pass Chesuncook Farm to-morrow, and that is the last place where we can leave a letter with any likelihood of its reaching Bangor before we make our appearance there, I take the opportunity to let our friends at home know that we are yet in health and prosperity. A glorious full moon, a big camp-fire, and a tall candle tied on a stick stuck in the ground, beside me shed their combined effulgence on my paper; while Mac sits on a rock before the fire, ripping the canvas out of his soaked pantaloons to patch the canoe in the morning—for running over the rips at the present low stage of the water makes it necessary to do something in the way of repairs to our canoe almost every day before starting; and as we have to be in or out of the water as occasion may require during the day, "spring bottoms" to pants may well be dispensed with.

I said in my last letter that there were three of us; but that was only prospectively. We left Dudley at home slightly unwell, but expecting to come along in a day or two; but after waiting in camp five days, we have concluded that he is not coming, and started on our way—homeward bound, though by a long route and by as slow stages as our ease or pleasure may suggest.

From the head of Moosehead Lake, where our last communication was dated, we went on the "railroad" a little more than two miles across the N. E. Carry to the West Branch of the Penobscot. Being in somewhat of a hurry for our supper, we walked across, and let the cars follow on behind with our birch and baggage. This railroad is the oldest one in the country, having been built, we should judge, during the Middle Ages. The rails are made of hewn timbers, varying from six to twelve inches square, resting on a log foundation—the whole affair being now in a rather unsound condition; and as the road is a regularly chartered concern, we would call the attention of the Legislature to the matter. The locomotive was of much later construction, but of a still more ancient pattern, being the kind brought over in Noah's Ark, viz: a single ox harnessed in like a horse, drawing a car of about two-jigger capacity.

At the Lake end of the Carry there is nothing but a dilapidated wharf, stretching far out into the shallow water; but at the other end there is a "farm," which, like all other farms in this section of the country, consists of a log hut covered with cedar splits, a spacious barn, well boarded and shingled, and a large area of cleared land devoted almost entirely to the raising of hay and oats, which are sold to the lumberers, and on which the farmers depend for the other necessities of life: consequently they complain of the war and the prospects of the lumbering business the coming winter; nevertheless, the average state of feeling is as intelligent and patriotic as in the city. The Stars and Stripes, which we carry with us, and which, so far as we can learn, have never before visited these wilds, are everywhere greeted with joy; and one of the two small flags which decorated the bow and stern of the canoe, was begged away from us.

The distance across the two-mile carry was accomplished by our train in less than an hour, and we immediately started down the river in search of a camping place. The river here, and for about ten miles below, is called "Moose Ground Dead Water"—still and calm as a lake, with low and level wooded banks, which are overgrown to a great extent in the spring. We camped about two miles below the Carry, and remained there till this morning; going up every night by moonlight to see if Dudley had arrived, and spending the days in delicious laziness, or in scouting excursions either for reconnaissance or pleasure. At Lobster Stream—half a mile below our camp—we could catch fish enough in a few minutes to satisfy all our wants, and Lobster Lake, two

The Gallaudet Guide and Deaf Mutes' Companion.

miles further, is as beautiful a place for a sail as one could desire. There is a fine view of Mt. Katahdin from this lake. Ducks were abundant all along the river, but, for want of the fowling-piece, which we depended upon Dudley to bring along, we could not get any. Our only firearms are a rifle and a revolver.

We find that an excursion down the river without an Indian for a guide, or a companion who is acquainted with the route, is considered here a very unusual thing. Everybody—especially the professional guides—gives us to understand that it is a thing entirely "unprecedented" and excessively perilous. How far their representations are correct, and how far they are induced by business interests, we shall discover. We are becoming quite expert in the use of the birch, and are determined to try the thing. If we get through, you may hear from us again; if not, here is good-bye from

THE VAIN KING.

Now about that time, Herod the king stretched forth his hand to vex certain of the church. And he killed James the brother of John with the sword, and because he saw it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further to take Peter also. Acts XII. 1-3.

You would not like for anybody to say you were vain, would you? I know you would not, for it is very silly to be vain. Yet we often do things not because we must, not because they are right, not because they are necessary, but because vanity tempts us to do them.

We are, most of us, very vain. We are vain because we are sinful. If we were not sinful we would not be vain. God looks upon vanity as a great sin. He sometimes sends a dreadful punishment on vain persons. You shall hear how he punished a vain king.

Once there was a king in the land of Judea whose name was Herod Agrippa. Herod was the king of the Jews, but the Jews had not made him king. The army of the Roman had conquered the Jews' country, and the Romans appointed Agrippa to come and rule the people. Herod was a vain king, he wanted the Jews to love him and praise him. The people had not said they did not love him and did not want him to be their king, but he was afraid they would, and so he was determined to try and win the love of them all.

Would it have been wrong for the Jews to love Herod? Oh no; it would have been very right for the people to love him if he had been good and just and kind. But this Herod wanted to make the people love him. He wanted the elders of the people and the rich men to come to him and tell him that he was a good king, a wise king, a just king and a powerful king. He was willing to do anything to have the Jews love him. He would have been much troubled and uneasy to hear that his people did not love him. His vanity made him uneasy, until he should know whether his people liked him or not. Some kings do not care if their people do not like them. They have plenty of money and plenty of soldiers, and they think they can make their people do whatever they wish them to do. If a man does not obey them, they send some soldiers to cut his head off, or put him in prison until he gets willing to obey.

But Herod was not such a king. He was anxious to have the Jews to like him. He wanted all the world to hear that he was beloved by all the people of the land. But he feared very much that the Jews did not want him to be king. And why do you suppose he feared this? The Bible does not tell us why, but I think because he knew the Jews had not made him their king. If they had appointed him king, this would show that they liked him, and wished him to rule over them, but the Romans made him king, and they did not care whether the people loved him or not, but the Romans loved Herod and they wanted to honor him, so they appointed him king of the Jews.

Now what do you think this vain Herod did to get the people's love? He did two very wicked deeds, he committed two very heinous sins, and what were they?

The Lord Jesus was not now living upon the earth, he had been crucified and had ascended to heaven, but he had left his twelve disciples behind him in the world to preach in his stead. And the disciples preached. They reproveth the wicked Jews for their sins, and preached that man could be saved only through the blood of Christ. But very many of the Jews hated the apostles, and wanted them put to death as they had put the blessed Saviour to death.

Herod heard that the Jews hated the apostles, and he wished to kill some of them to please the Jews. So he sent some soldiers to kill the apostle James. And they caught him and put him to death with a sword. The sinful Jews rejoiced and Herod heard of it. And he sent and had Peter put in prison, intending to put him to death also. And the people rejoiced more than ever. "Now," said they, "Herod is a good king. He is a friend to the Jews. We will always love him and obey him. We will tell the Romans he is a good king." When Herod heard that the people were greatly pleased, he was very proud. His vanity told him that he had acted very smartly. And—wicked monster—that he was—he would willingly have killed all the apostles if he could have caught them.

But did he think he had done right? No,

no; he could not think he had acted rightly, for he knew that Peter and James were not bad men. He knew that they had done nothing wrong. They had broken none of the laws. They had only been going about preaching the gospel of Christ. Our Saviour thought they were good and holy men, for he loved them better than he did the other disciples. You know he sometimes allowed Peter and James and John to go with him, when he would allow none of the rest.

Herod could not think he had acted rightly but he did not care, so he pleased the people and got them to like him. His heart was hard and wicked and vain. He did not love the Lord Jesus, though he had often heard of him, and heard that he was the Son of God. Do you not think he was very wicked and hard-hearted? Do you not feel that God would surely punish him for his dreadful conduct?

God did show Herod his displeasure at his wickedness. For when Herod put Peter in prison, God sent an angel by night to deliver him. And the angel came at midnight and opened the heavy iron gates of the strong prison, and loosed the chains from the hands and feet of Peter, and led him out into the street and let him go. Soldiers were sleeping around Peter, and some were standing at the door to guard him, but the Lord made a heavy sleep to come upon them all, and they did not know when the angel took him away. In the morning, when they awoke, they saw the chains and the door wide open, but Peter was not there. Then some one came and told Herod that Peter had escaped. When he heard it he was very angry. And when Peter could not be found, he commanded the soldiers who had watched him to be put to death. What? put the soldiers to death because they let the Lord deliver Peter! They could not prevent the Almighty from taking him away. But Herod did not care, he was disappointed. He was bent on pleasing the Jews, and he was angry at his disappointment. He did not feel at all sorry that he was going to kill the apostle. He did not seem to feel that God would punish him for his wickedness, for his heart was still hard and light and vain.

(To be concluded next month.) C. H. T.

THE TOUCH OF KINDNESS.

BY MRS. MASON, OF TONGOO, BURMAH.

The first Christian Karen woman I met in Burmah told me this story. Sixteen years before, she was one day by the Salween river, when she saw a ship coming up. She ran to see it, when a tall, handsome white foreigner stepped on the shore. He came up to her and gave his hand.

"Mah a lah" (how do you do?) "Mah, Thkyen" (well, my lord), was asked and answered, when he inquired where she was going, and bade her go in peace. The white foreigner returned to the ship, and she stood gazing after it. Soon her brothers came up, and she said, "I have seen one of the sons of God."

"And what did he say?" "Why, he gave me his hand."

"And did you take it?"

"Yes, I did, for he looked like an angel, and I am not ashamed of it."

That night her husband beat her for giving her hand to a stranger, and she was then ordered to go to heathen festivals as usual. Gaupung towered up, (and she was a most noble looking woman) "No," she said; "now for twenty years I have been making offerings to Gaudama, and he has not stopped my husband from beating me once. Hereafter, I pray only to this white man's God. The white foreigner looked like an angel; he spoke to me gently and respectfully, as if I had been a man! His God must be the best God." She began that night to pray; this was her prayer:—"Father God, Lord God, Honorable God, the Righteous One! in the heavens, in the earth, in the mountains, in the sea, in the north, in the south, in the east, in the west, pity me, I pray!"

This prayer she prayed for five years, utterly refusing to make offerings to the idols. After that time, a missionary went into her region; as soon as she heard another white foreigner had come, she ran, and sat down at his feet for nine days. She was converted, and was the means of converting her husband and all her family, and of raising up three churches. She was deaconess, sexton, and everything. She became a Bible-Talker. She could never stop to learn herself, but had all her children taught, and she treasured up the Scripture in a most wondrous way. For months this woman has been with me over the burning plains, when I have been compelled to wear a towel for a turban, dipped in every cool spring we came to, I reading the Bible in her language, and she talking it.

This woman had been a fortune-teller, and one day a woman came five miles to get a charm for her husband, who had run away from her.

"Yes," said Gaupung, "I have a charm. Sit down, sister."

So down she sat, the whole long day; listening to Gaupung's wonderful stories.

"Now," she said, "there was once a wonderful Man in this world, whose face shone like a rainbow. One day He saw a woman crying, and He went up to her, and asked, 'Why weepest thou, Mary?' Then He spoke kind words to her, and made her happy. Now this Being, who spoke so kindly to a woman, was the Son of God!" Then she went on to tell her of the charm, which was to go and call back her husband, and not scold him any more, because this Son of God commanded that women should obey their husbands.

About three weeks after, a man came over from the heathen village, and wanted to see "the big teacheress" that had the charm, for he said that woman, who had been such a brawler that nobody could live in peace in her neighborhood, was then living very happily with her husband the quietest of all, and the men of the place were anxious that their wives should join the Christians, because they understood the Christian religion did not allow women to scold their husbands!

Now all this good resulted from that one expression of sympathy, in giving the hand to a heathen woman. This I call the greatest sermon ever preached by that missionary, and that missionary was dear, good Dad Judson.—Female Missionary Intelligencer.

TREES, TIMBER AND FENCING.

Every farmer ought to know the qualities and uses of the various kinds of wood and timber on his land: that he may know what young trees to save and what to cut and destroy, whether his object be to have wood to burn, or timber for his tools, building or fences. When I want fuel, I cut the wood that is crooked, or that I know will not grow to timber; such as witch-hazel, blue beech, iron wood, button ball, and the like, and save what is more valuable, which by the clearing away, has room and air to grow.

For fences we need some durable kind of timber. An ignorant man who should fence his land with button ball, maple, or even oak, ash, or elm, would find his fences rotten in half a dozen years; while those of his neighbor, who knew what kind of timber to take, would be good after twenty years use.

For rails, I consider chestnut the best. I have often read that red-cedar is best for rails, but I have not found it so. It is my experience that good chestnut rails, from trees large enough to split into quarters, if cut in May or June, and baked, will never rot, but last till they wear out with the mere dripping of air; which if the rails are quite heavy, will require full half a century. I have chestnut rails on my farm that I know to be at least forty years old, but still fit for some use. My red-cedar rails seldom last fifteen years; but then they were not split; and that may be the reason; as I know that a chestnut pole too small to split, especially if not baked, will rot in a few years. Next to the chestnut, I think butternut the most durable. I have no other kind of timber besides these three that I even think of taking to make a permanent fence. I suppose however, that pine and hemlock must make durable rails.

For posts, butternut is, I think, better than chestnut. It does not rot off so soon in the ground. White oak, though not fit for rails makes tolerable posts; differing from chestnut posts in that the upper part often rots while the part in the ground remains solid: whereas on the contrary, the bottom of a chestnut post always rots off long before the upper part decays.

For the last reason, I think the most durable kind of fence is a half-stone fence; that is to say, the stones about knee high, or as much more as you may pile it up by clearing the stones out of your lot, with two or three rails atop of the stones. The chestnut or butternut posts, set in the stones, and thus kept from the wet earth, would last as long as the rails and only need to be straightened up now and then.

A stone wall, of the height for a lawful fence, (in New Jersey four feet two inches above the ground, I do not know the legal height in New England, but any intelligent neighbor can tell you) a stone wall as high as that is too costly to build; and too apt to be knocked down, or pulled down by reckless boys after rabbits or other game. I prefer therefore, even when stones are plenty, to throw them in a heap that, as the Irishman say, if it ever falls over, will be higher than at first; and to have a rail fence of two or three rails atop of it.

Another reason for putting two or three rails on top of the stones is to stop sheep; which very soon learn to climb or leap over stone fences; but will be stopped by the rails, if high and tight enough.

I do not think much of wire fences. So far as I have seen, those farmers who have tried them once have not tried them again. Near cities, where timber is scarce and high, they may perhaps be cheaper than rail fences.

Of the many kinds of fence, the post and rail fence is undoubtedly the best for strength and durability. Such a fence when new, will stop the most brazen cattle. If made of good seasoned timber, it will stand fifteen to twenty years before the bottoms of the posts give way, even if set directly in the ground. And when the posts come loose and begin to fall, you can make the fence do good service for fifteen or twenty years more, by either piling stones about the posts, or keeping them up with a stout stake driven on each side.

If, however, you want timber or time to make a regular post and rail fence, there are other kinds of fence that are cheaper, if less durable. The old worm fence made of six or eight heavy rails to a length, resting on a stone at each angle, and piled zig-zag fashion, so that each length kept up the next, was a strong and durable fence, but took up too much room and too much timber, and is only to be thought of where timber is very plenty, and time to make fence very scant. I have an outside fence to my hill pasture, made of heavy chestnut and cedar poles, set not zig-zag, but in a straight line, with stones or heaps of stones under every joint, the upper poles kept up by pairs of stout stakes. Such a fence will last a dozen years, and then by removing the stakes, last a dozen years more, or till the poles decay.

Whatever kind of fence you make, let it be straight and strong, and full as high as four feet. Better have no fence at all than a mean weak fence that will teach your own and your neighbors' cattle to be unruly; and expose you to continual loss and vexation. The profits from farming are not large; and one weak place in your fence, by letting in cattle at an unlucky time, may cause you to lose all the profit of that field for the year, if not more than all.

When you have an outside, or partition fence, to make, first be sure you have got your boundary line right; and if there is any dispute with your neighbor, either as to the place of the corner, or the part of the fence each should make; first come to an agreement with him

before witnesses, and then have it put in writing, that you may not make a fence, and then have to pull it up.

I intended to say a few words about the best timber for other purposes than fences; but must defer it to another time. J. R. B.

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